# The Proteſtant CUCKOLD:

## A New BALLAD.

### Being a full and perfect Relation how *B. H.* the *Proteſtant-News-forger*, caught his beloved Wife *Ruth* in ill Circumſtances.

To the Tune of *Packingtons Pound*; Or, *Timothy Daſh* the Scriveners Apprentice.

*Deprendi miſerum eſt.* —— Hor.

1.

THough the Town does abound ſo with Plots (and with Shams,
Yet I a true Story to you will relate;
The Godly can ſport too, and play you like Lambs,
Which does appear true by poor *Benjamin's* Fate.
There's a Judgment in't,
Which I can't chuſe but hint,
D. *M.*'s Cure. Becauſe he a Lye once from * *Crookhorn* did print:
*Oh ye* Tories *look big, and rejoyce at this News,*
*For* Benjamin's *Wife is made free of the Stews.*

2.

Your Wife full of cares, and of fears, my dear *Ben*,
Durſt not lie alone in this Dangerous Age;
And finding beſides you'd no Ink in your Pen,
With a *Scrivener* ſhe thought it high time to en-
Then take't not in ſcorn, (gage:
Though you are well born,
That your Spouſe has furniſh't you with an *Ink-horn.*
*Oh ye* Tories *look big*, &c.

3.

Theſe Fines, as I take them, are things Arbitrary,
That a Subject can't lie with his Wife ev'ry Night;
Young *Stationers* beware, who hereafter ſhall marry,
That your Brides you careſs and pleaſe with all
Or to ſome young Lover, (your might:
Their wants they'l diſcover,
For long they'l not lie in *Sheets* without a *Cover.*
*Oh ye* Tories *look big*, &c.

4.

But now to the Matter of Fact we do come,
How *Benjamin* leave of the Marſhal did get,
That he with his Deareſt might then lie at home,
But th' Apprentice (alas) had no notice of it:
For no ſooner were *Ben*
And his Wife laid in Den,
But the Youngſter began to *Whiſtle*, and *Hem.*
*Oh ye* Tories *look big*, &c.

5.

*Madam* hearing it, to the Window did creep,
To tell *Timothy* his place was ſupply'd;
And fancying her Cuckold was laid faſt aſleep,
She told *Tim* next Night he ſhould not be deny'd:
But it was a miſtake,
For *Ben* was awake,
And ſlily reſolv'd the Appointment to break:
*Oh ye* Tories *look big*, &c.

6.

As ſoon as ſhe'd ſung her *Abi à Feneſtra*,
She ſoftly again to her warm Bed did make, (raw,
Where *Ben* much enrag'd could almoſt eat his Fleſh
But yet the cloſe Cuckold no notice would take:
Yet ſtill as he lay,
He long'd much for day, (may.
So his Wife did for next Night, as gueſs well you
*Oh ye* Tories *look big, and rejoyce at this News,*
*For* Benjamin's *Wife is made free of the Stews.*

7.

Up roſe *Ben* when 'twas day, and the Sun did ap-
But He, poor Cuckold, was under a Cloud; (pear,
*Ruth* kiſſing him cry'd, *Wilt thou leave me, my Dear?*
Then like a true Jilt fell a weeping aloud:
But ſhe never dreamt
That *Benjamin* meant
Her meeting the *Scrivener* ſo to prevent.
*Oh ye* Tories *look big*, &c.

8.

Juſt at the time when begins Treaſon-Fair,
And Fanatical Rebels croud *Dicks* Coffee-houſe,
Then *Timothy* did to Mis *H*—— repair,
And thought himſelf ſafe as ere in Cheeſe was
For the Zealous Jade, (Mouſe:
*Ben* a True Cuckold made,
And now he's no longer one in Maſquerade.
*Oh ye* Tories *look big*, &c.

9.

But the Joys of this World are all tranſitory,
And alas the Tragedy now does begin;
For *Ben* at the door doth cry out, *Where are ye?*
Being ſomewhat impatient till he was let in:
Then with a huge Club,
He poor *Daſh* did Drub,
Who ſtruggled in vain that off he might Rub.
*Oh ye* Tories *look big*, &c.

10.

The Neighbours that heard the Youth murther cry,
To keep the Kings Peace the door open did force,
Endeavouring the good man for to pacifie,
Telling him, he had taken her for better for
But think it who cou'd, (worſe:
That Horn him ſhe wou'd,
Who ſo kindly o'th' Pillory with her Husband ſtood.
*Oh ye* Tories *look big*, &c.

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